

Divine Comedy

"Death Of A Supernaturalist"

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"My father says there's only one perfect view -
and that's the view of the sky over our heads."
"I expect your father has been reading Dante"
See my solitude
Where once was truth now only doubt
Touch my tortured skin
Torn from within and from without
Kiss my blistered lips
My fingertips
Frost-bitten and grey
Heal my wound within
And watch the dead skin fall away
See what can't be seen
Between the table and the chair
Touch what can't be touched
The National Trust don't own the air
Kiss what can't be kissed
This is the risk we have to take
Heal what can't be healed
And feel the dead skin fall away

Only you and I
Know exactly how it feels
To unblink a narrow mind
And by doing so reveal
The obscurity of life
The intensity of dreams
Only you and I have realised
Exactly what it means
See the infant sun
Whose time has come to climb the mist
Touch the autumn sky
Burned by the supernaturalist
Kiss the purest lips
The morning slips into the day
Rising from the bed
We feel our dead skin fall away

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